

## Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



## BREF FUM SCHWEEFLEBRENNER.

SCHIFFLETTOWN, 1  
December 8, 1868.

## MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

In meim letstha brief hab ich atnohl an awfong gemacht for de shitory fun meim leawa tsu shreiva—fun der tseit aw weich noch so an kleiner springer war bis uf der heitich dog. Wann ich awer tsurick deuk, was ich shun alles g'sea un gedu hab, dann kummts mer fore ich het mer an ordlich-groser job unner numma, for ich glawb now sure net das an monn tsu finna is, anyhow net in der noehershaft fun Schiffletown, der shun meiner ups un downs g'hot hut das ich.

In meina yingere dawya—ich weas noch goot—wara de leit bi weidam net so hoch-medich un so lobbich we allowell, un des is aw exactly der Bevy cara meaning. Ich weas noch goot we ich noch a yunger bu war, un we ich als g'dickty hussa gedawya hob. Sellamohls hob ich als nix derfu gedunkt, un awer heitich dogs deata de yungy hussa es an grossy shoud considera wan se nous gen mista mit ma patch uf em elbhoya, odder uf em hussa sitz. Now, ich contend das g'dickty hussa feel besser g'ucka das ferrissany hussa mit em hems-lawantz himma rouse henka. De fact is, kea bu set sich shemma heitichs dogs an patch uf sein elbhoya tsu hawa, for es is kea shoud. Es is an beweis das er an guty un rechtschaffeny monny hut. Un wann ich tsu deata het deat ich anyhow sawya das es feel mer respectabile is, a dutzend patches uf de hussa tsu hawa, das so rum loafi in de shitteld un de alty leit eana gold shpenda for lager beer, chaw-duweck un cigars, un oderleia omery sheelchty sachta aw tsu deiva. Es hut olleweil genumk shmartly, un reiche, un decently leit, de in eana yungy dawya aw als g'dickty hussa un jackets aw g'hot hen, un se shemma sich aw net allowell es selwer tsu sawya.

Un we feel yungy med, werra allowell ufgebrocht we my alty, de Bevy? Ich glawb ken eantische, Yushit fashions duna se shudya, un doh machts aw gor nix ous ob se brod im houts hen odder net. Ich weas mea das ea medle doh in Schiffletown das tip-top rouse kummt, mit demma dumme wasser-folls, un fancy bonnets, un seidene sacks, un hoops, un ruffla, un high heels, un der deikenker weas wiles, yushit for an show macha, un doch wissa olly leit das a deal fun eana sawram sin das sellam Irisha si yung seilly, un sell war so mitleidich awram un so wintslich mawyer das er als an k'nup in si schwantz gebuam hut so das es net hut kenna unich der deer dorrlich shklappa. Un ich bin entirely g'satisfied das wann mer yushit a deal fun demma hoch-medliche med eana hemder, un unnerreck, un shtrimp un so sich ebmohls sassa kent, das mer tsu der ebclusion kumma mist das an investment in seafa bree, wesch-masheena un shtricknoada ordlich goot awgewend werra kent. Awer wann mer se sead drous rum marchta, un sich gross weisa, deweil de monny de house erwat shaft, dann meant mer net das es si kennt das se sich net shemma derweya.

We ich siwatsa yohr alt war—we mer noch dorf on blow baerick g'wot hut, hab ich als heam gemacht hussa gewora, un rinds-ledderliche shu, un hemmer de fun tsean cent muslen gemacht wara. Un we ich ersht mit der Bevy bekent warra bin hut se als an el-bens kordoon-icher frock aw g'hot un a bonnet das aw an bonnet war—kens fun demma macha plashter shyle, mit nix das yushit so ribbons un omery krixia-fixa—awer an realer bonnet, das aw der kop tsu gedeckt hut, un wann mer der Bevy ins g'sicht g'ucka hut wella, dann hut mer sich fore se shella missa, front face un eyes right. Un now, des erimert mich grawd draw we ich fors ersht mohl mit der Bevy heam bin. Ich war yushit a wennich iwer tsaw-sich yohr alt, un war k'necht uf a bauerei, un amohl eana owat war an lodwierick frolic dorf on Sam Kisselwettars, un ich, uf course, bin aw onna, un we es amohl ons eblle sheala un shmitza gonga is dann hen ewa de buwa un de mood sich all so um der gross dish rum g'uckt, un grawd on de terwat. De Sally Bensamacher, de war aw dort, un es is so g'happend das se grawd fore meer uf der onner side fun dish g'uckt hut, un weil de kærls es aw g'funna hen, somehow, das ich sellamohls mit er heam bin fun baddolva, hen se aw grawd awfonga se tsu runna derweya. Ich hab nix drum gewa, un awer de Sally huts net shanda kenna, un se uf un ob, un in an onnery shloob, un hut gedu das wann se bes war derweya. Ich hab awer noch derhond ons g'funna das se anyhow nix un mich gewa hut, for se hut shun em Joe Lutzamacher fershpocka g'hot can

mit eana heam gea lussa seller very owat. Well, des ding war goot—de Bevy, de is dann grawd onna un huckt sich uf der same shloob wu de Sally fertussa hut, un sogt, "Well dann, huck ich mich doh onna, for ich ferrieh mich net for em Pit Schweflebreuner, un er ferrieh sich denk ich aw net for meer—gel Pit du dusht net?" secht se. Now, de Bevy de war mawd sellamohls ons Dachdeckers, un se war an iwer ons shmart's meadle considered, for se hut an dahler un a fertle de woch John ferdeent. Se war aw ordlich shea un shlick gookich. We mer om eblle sheala wara hut se mer olly gebut amohl a shlicky obble rivver gelongt un hut nich als ni beisa macha, un so blosserlich hut se als geguckt, un tsu mer g'shwetzt, das ich so an ordlich guter impression weaya eana krickt hab. We mer ferrieh wara eblle sheala, dann sin mer ons reera gonga. Uf course, der wisset we sell gent. For common nemmt als a bu un a meadle mitonner feshit om handle, un dann geats reera aw—so a sort fun a see-saw motion, yushit das wann cans es onner provvera deat shlofa gea macha mit ma lodwierick reerer in der hond. Uf course, es is so g'happend das ich un de Bevy drei reeds mitonner g'reerd hen, un uf seller weg sin mer ordlich great warra mitonner. Ich bin anyhow mit eana heam sell net nach, un es is aw ken kritlicher alter ding kumma un hut mer g'sawt das es tseit war heam tsu gea we der alt Bensamacher, sellamohls. Ich bin heam, awer net epich ready war, un tsu an understanding kumma bin mit der Bevy for widder bi era aw tsu rufa.

For outstufma we mers weiter gonga is misser er war da uf my neagsther brief im Fodder Abraham.

## PIT SCHWEEFLEBRENNER.

P. S.—Ich will noch dertsu da das ich awfongs orrig geboddert bin mit breffa. Se shreiva on mich fun olly directions, un a yeader will wissa was my opinion is fun dem un fun sellam. A deal wella aw hawa dos ich my influence in cara favor gewa set, on der Grant, for so entfin. Eaner will hawa das ich ni gea for eam, for so an emly in Harrisborrick, uf der Senly, un so feel das ich ous-macha kon is es eblas fun weaya peasta, un folda, glawb ich. Se sawya das selly position betzahlt so iwer ons goot, un das mer so tsu sawya nix shalla brauch, un wann sell so is dann deat ich by chucks net feel democh frohya un selwer ni gea defore. Eaner John Schweinler will aw my opinion wissa fun weaya dena Rocky Mountain Indianer kreiter un wortzla pilla wu manufactured werra beim Duckter Loxeerdriwer un ferkawft in old de Drug shiores fun reschpectability in der United States. Now, sell konn ich net outwarta, for selly pilla hob ich noch ne net proveert, un de Bevy aw net. De eantische sort pilla das mer im house holts sin de berecent Bloot un Liver Refrigerating un Shomach ripper pilla, un selly, wann mer se recht-shalla ei-nemt, botta aw. Sesin a sure ding, Se duna net long rum foola, un awer segana grawd on de erwat, we a paar shaft-uxa. Anyhow, ich insure se, un de Bevy g'eat my bail, for se hut selwer siwa uf ea dose g'numma doh fergonga we se so orrig unner em wedder war. Wann siwa fun demma pilla net shalla, dann nemt mer ewa de gons box. P. S.

## OLLERLEA.

An yeader monn set si cayene bisness meinda.

Se hen allowell first raty shiffita bawn drouse in Minnesota.

Der Col. O. J. Dickey, unser neier Congressmon, is in Washington.

FATHER ABRAHAM—\$1.50 a yohr. Wer net subscribed brauch se aw net leasa.

An fire in Clyde, N. Y., on letstha Fridog morya hut \$25,000 wert property ferbrunt.

Se sawya der General Grant het cigars g'shmoked all de weg fun Washington bis noch Boston doh der onner dog.

An editor in Kentucky hut an calculation gemacht das in fertsich yohr hut er 1825 pund chaw-duweck uf gekant.

Look out for 'em Pit Schweflebreuner si neies Buch—ready in a paar dog. Price, yushit ea fertle, un sell is wohlfel genumk.

Wann cans in de kerrich geat, un beheart sich net, dann dut mer em ewa tsuun loch nous un sogt em er set heam gea.

Anbauer in Illinois hut 25,000 ocker weiskorn g'raised des yohr. Sell muss now an ordlich gross weiskorn felt si—denksht net?

An Irisher in Schuykill County sogt es is for kea use millich in der family tsu hawa so long das noch whiskey in der bottle is.

For a paar neecht tsurick is eblber in de Salem (N. J.) Post Office ni gebrocha, un hut etlich dausand dahler in checks un notes g'shtola.

For ons tsu finna we feel loafers un foulener in shitteld sin, do yushit tswea bull hund hinrich anonner hetza, un mach se recht-shalla fehta.

Tswea trains sin in anonner gerumt om letstha Fridog, uf em Cleveland un Toledo Railroad, in Ohio, un a brakesman un ea passenger sin un kumma.

Se sawya es wara 103,500,000 hinkle in der United States, mit a capacity for 18,250,000,000 oyer tsu leaya in eam yohr. Mer meant now net das es si kent das de oyer 35 cent's dutzent hoshta.

Der W. S. Ritter un Jesse G. Hawley, de publishers fun Reading Adler—de Baricks County Beevel—hen de Reading Gazette druckerei ous gekawft, un hen yetz im sinn drei Tseitunga rouse tsu gewa.

Om mitwoch fore acht dog is eaner Miller, fun Mount Bethel, Northampton county, unnich de cars kumma, net weil fun Columbia Station, Delaware un Lackawanna Railroad, un hut si leawa ferlora.



GEN. JAMES L. SELFIDGE,  
Clerk of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

## Selected.

## JUDGE HARDING'S BIRTH-DAY GIFT.

Slowly and wearily Judge Harding ascended the steps of his stately but gloomy mansion. Not one of its many rooms were lighted, with the exception of the library and that used in common by the two domestics. Yet there had been a time when those darkened and deserted parlors had been one blaze of light, and its walls had echoed to the sound of merry laughter and gay young voices.

Judge Harding entered the library, and closing the door, looked drearily around. Yet it was filled with all the appliances of wealth and luxury: the carpet was like velvet to the foot, the lofty walls were bedecked with pictures, and the wide, deep windows, hung with wine-colored drapery of the richest silk.

A large easy chair was wheeled in front of the fire, which gave forth a ruddy glow; across it lay a dressing-gown, while on the rug were slippers, all ready for his feet. But Judge Harding knew it was the work of old Margery, his housekeeper, who, though she had been in his service two score years, feared more than she loved him. There was no one to brighten at his approach, no voice to welcome him!

This thought was uppermost in the old man's mind, as, leaning back in his chair, he gazed abstractedly into the fire. Some years before, God had called to himself the wife of his youth—taken her mercifully from the evil to come. One of the sons she had borne him filled a drunkard's grave; the other had been mortally wounded in some disgraceful quarrel. But Estelle, his little Estelle, the ewe lamb of his flock, loved beyond all others, and yet who had wounded his heart so sorely, where was she?

Al! well he knew that the December snow was falling upon her grave; that she died unsoothed by the knowledge of his forgiveness.

The iron-gray locks that shaded his temples, accorded well with the general expression of the strongly-marked features, and which were characterized by a hardness and coldness almost repelling, yet through it could be seen traces of mental anguish of which weaker natures are incapable.

He was aroused from the gloomy reverie into which he had fallen by old Margery, who, opening the door, said:

"There is a woman, with a little girl in the hall, who insists on seeing you."

"Did she give her name?"

"She said her name was Dugald," returned Margery, speaking with silent hesitation.

But, contrary to her expectations, this mention of a name hated above all others, produced no visible effect upon her master.

"Show her in," he said, after a moment's reflection.

It was difficult to determine the age of the woman who entered. Her hair was nearly white, but her eyes bright and piercing; and her tall, strongly-built frame as erect as in early life. Though evidently a person of little education, her countenance and bearing indicated an unusual amount of will and energy, combined with no little shrewdness and effrontery.

Judge Harding evidently saw all this in the steady look with which he regarded her.

"You are the mother of the late Richard Dugald?"

"I am the mother of your late daughter's husband, Judge Harding."

The proud old man winced visibly at this thrust, but did not lose his self-possession.

"And this is the child of your son?" he inquired, pointing to a lovely little girl of six, clad in deep mourning, who was standing by her side.

"This is the daughter of Richard and Estelle Dugald; your grandchild and mine," Judge Harding returned the woman in the same sharp, defiant tone.

Judge Harding could not controvert this statement, humbling though it was, but his voice took a sharper tone as he said:

"Why have you brought her to me?"

"Because I have not the means of supporting her, and you have."

"Did your late son have no property?"

For a moment the woman's eyes wavered beneath his penetrating look, then she said, boldly:

"Nothing but a mere pittance, which was more than swallowed up by the expenses of your daughter's last sickness."

Judge Harding's eyes blazed with a sudden scorn that was almost startling.

"Do not hope to delude me so easily," he cried. "There is not one act of yours that has escaped my notice. I know that your son left property which should have descended to his wife and child, of which you took possession. I know, also, the grudging care you bestowed on the deluded girl that your son lured from her friends and home. But let them both pass. I will take the child and amply indemnify

you from every possible expense; but only on one condition—that you sign this paper, by which you pledge yourself to abstain from all future interference with your grand-child."

The woman's eyes sparkled as she caught a glimpse of the roll of bills in Judge Harding's hand, but still she hesitated.

The sharp-sighted old man saw quickly the cause of this hesitation.

"I wish you to distinctly understand," he said, "that though I will provide for the child, it is not my intention to make her my heir; I shall leave her only sufficient to place her above want; the bulk of my property will go to some charitable institution."

As Mrs. Dugald looked upon that resolute countenance, she felt that he was in earnest, and without another word she signed the paper, and then, taking the money the Judge placed in her hand, departed.

As soon as she closed the door after her, Judge Harding turned to the little girl, who stood regarding him with a timid, wistful look.

"What is your name, child?" he said, abruptly.

"Estelle Harding Dugald," she replied, in a sweet, clear voice, that had a pretty lisp to it.

"Do you know who I am?"

"You are my grandpapa Harding."

Al! how many pleading voices arose in his heart at these words; but he crushed them down with a stern hand.

"I am not your grandpapa," he said, harshly; "you must never call me by that name."

The small red lips quivered, and the soft brown eyes filled with tears; but without appearing to notice them, Judge Harding gave the bell a hasty pull.

"Margery," he said, as that individual entered, "this little girl is the child of Richard Dugald. I place her for the present under your care. See that she has everything that she needs, but do not let her come within my sight or hearing."

Margery cast a look of pity and tenderness upon the child, who, attracted by her kind, motherly face, sprang eagerly to the hand she held out to her, and then, with a respectful courtesy to the Judge, she led her from the room.

Weeks came and went. Little Estelle grew dearer every day to the faithful old nurse, who had tended her mother in her helpless infancy.

She obeyed her master's injunctions, though many were her inward murmurs at what she termed his unnatural treatment of the child of his only daughter. This was not difficult for the house was large, and there were some portions of it that the Judge never entered. Sometimes, indeed, he heard the pattering of the little feet along the corridor that led to some remote apartment, or a sweet, bird-like voice which fell upon his heart like a strain of half-forgotten music, but that was all.

Perhaps Judge Harding's heart might have softened toward his grandchild had she come to him in any other way; if the daughter he had once idolized had expressed any wish that he should take charge of her. But to have her thrust upon him by the woman whose artful manoeuvres had made his home so desolate, steeled his heart against her.

She was a pretty, sweet-tempered child, with grave, quiet ways, and intelligent beyond her years.

"When is grandpapa's birthday, nurse?" she suddenly inquired, one day, nearly two months after her arrival.

"Let me see," replied Margery, her countenance assuming a contemplative expression.

"It is the seventh of this month—and I declare if this isn't the day! I remember it well, for it was also the birthday of my poor young mistress your dear mamma. She would have been twenty-four years old to-day if she had lived. Alack! alack! it seems only yesterday that I held her in my arms."

Here the faithful creature wiped away a tear.

"Well, if it is his birthday, I must go and give him this," resumed Estelle taking a small package from the pocket of her dress. "Where is he—in the library?"

"Yes. But what are you thinking of, child?" ejaculated Margery, regarding her young charge with a look of amazement. "You must not go in there; Judge Harding will be very angry."

"I shall be sorry to make him angry, nurse," returned Estelle, with a childish dignity quite in keeping with the little serious face; "but I promised my dear, dear mamma that I would, and I must do it."

Old Margery looked after her with an expression of astonishment not unmingled with admiration as she left the room.

"She's a Harding—one can see that plainly," she muttered, as she resumed her knitting. "The old Judge may shut her out from his heart, but he can't deny but what she's his own flesh and blood."

Estelle paused a moment at the door which she had never before dared to ap-

proach, and then, as if summoning all her resolution, softly turned the burnished knob and glided in.

Judge Harding sat in his easy-chair, the very picture of dignified ease. Looking only upon his surroundings, one would have called him a happy and fortunate man; yet many a wayfarer, breasting the fury of the rude March wind, his heart warm with thoughts of the dear ones awaiting his return, was far happier than the lonely and childish old man.

His face was partially turned from the door, and so softly did the little feet fall upon the carpet that she had nearly reached his knee before he observed her. In spite of all his self-command, he started as his eyes fell upon that sweet face.

As for Estelle, her courage failed her as she met that stern, inquiring look.

"—beg your pardon," she faltered. "I only came in to give you this. Mamma bade me give it to you on your birthday, and I could not disobey her."

Judge Harding mechanically took the package from her hand, and, with an evident sigh of relief, she turned to leave the room.

"Stay, child," interposed the Judge, "there is no hurry. Sit down."

Estelle quietly seated herself upon the velvet-covered ottoman to which he pointed, and Judge Harding proceeded to open the package.

It contained nothing but a gold locket he well remembered placing around his daughter's neck on a happy birthday, and hers whom he once termed his "birthday-gift." He touched the spring and it flew open. It was his own likeness, taken in a sitting position. Beside his chair stood a little girl about six years of age, one small hand trustfully in his, the other resting upon his shoulder, while the softly smiling eyes were lifted to his face with a look of child-like confidence and love.

The warm tide of awakened tenderness that swept over him melted every vestige of the ice that had gathered around his heart. In regard to their unhappy estrangement, had not he been most to blame? Did he not indulge her in every idle whim, until her will grew strong and imperious, and then curb her suddenly and harshly? Had he dealt more gently with her, would she have taken a step that had wrought them both such bitter woe?

As he raised his eyes, they fell upon the little form that was sitting where she used to sit so many years ago. What a marvelous resemblance! It almost seemed to him that it must be her very self.

Al! well did that mother know that nothing she could write would soften that stern heart like this mute remembrance of what she once was to him, or plead so eloquently for her orphan child. Tears gushed from the old man's eyes, and rising from his seat, he took the child in his arms.

"My dear little Estelle!" he muttered, "my precious birthday-gift! come back after so long a time to cheer my desolate home. Naught but death shall part thee and me."

That night, when Margery carried in the tea-things, she saw a spectacle that made her kind old heart rejoice, the child of her dear young mistress was sweetly sleeping in her grandfather's arms, whose eyes were fixed upon her with a look of pride and tenderness.

And giving her a wiser love, a more faithful guardianship, she crowned his old age with peace and joy, whom he took from henceforth to his heart as well as to his home—his "birthday-gift."

[WRITTEN BY FATHER ABRAHAM.]  
CORRESPONDENCE.

## Letter from a Secretary on his Travels, to his Assistant; purloining by Jacob Mull, N. D. P.

U. S. S., 1868, AT SEA, OCT. 1968.  
Dear William: I have been most delighted with my trip. I had no idea what a big thing the ocean was. Why, it's immense! Only think of it! We have been out sight of land for several days. I had an idea they tied up to a tree at night or throw a buoy overboard to hold on by; and then the ocean is so blue! I had an idea it was green. I like it all but its roughness. It is no respecter of persons. I thought my presence might have calmed it; but no, it got up a gale for my special benefit. And oh, William! I was very sea-sick, and was thankful secretaries were not obliged to go to sea right along every day.

What an intricate affair a man-of-war is, to be sure. I am sure I could never learn all the ropes and things. My ignorance of sea phrases has been embarrassing at times. They talked of flemish horses, saddles, bridles, bits, martingales, the manger and the sick bay, a great deal; and I surprised a Lieutenant by requesting to be shown to the stables. When they talked of making a pair of shrouds, I asked who was dead, and was informed they referred to rigging, merely designed for a dead eye. They had a rig on me that time—don't you think so?

While sitting in the cabin one day, I heard the officer of the deck give an order, ending with *spank her!* I rushed out on deck to save the child from a cruel indignity, when I found he was referring to a sail to the rearward part of the ship. They talked about cat-fishing an anchor, but I hesitated about asking questions, and so do not know to this day whether the cat-fish took the anchor or the anchor caught the cat-fish.

They retain many names of animals about the ship, which are said to have been handed down from the time of Noah's celebrated cruise. For instance, they have horse blocks, monkey rails, flemish horses, dog vane, rat line, catarpins and cat heads, dog stoppers, fish davit, cock pit, &c.

But it is getting rough and I must retire to my state-room. They are now reefing the royals. By the way, we ought to change that name *royal*—its not republican. Top gallant is very appropriate for our navy. There ought also to be another name for the *crown* of an anchor.

Good night, William. We are now at least fifty miles from land, and I send this by a venturesome schooner. Keep the decks clear, William, and everything snug for *stays*, for we may have to tack ship again next March. You see I am becoming somewhat nautical. I have already learned from the sailors to sing the pretty song,

My head am made of bombshells, bulles,  
Row, bulles, row,  
An' me has am made of ropeyarns, bulles,  
Row, bulles, row, &c.,  
but, I will sing it to thee when next we meet.  
Ever of thou, G. W.

## Our Little Jokes.

—A certain literary gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, instructed his Irish servant to admit no one, and if any one should inquire for him, to give him an "equivocal answer." Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his callers. "Did any one call?" "Yes, sir, wan jintleman." "What did he say?" "He axed was yer honor in?" "Sure I gave him quivike answer jist. I asked him was his grandmother a monkey."

—"Bridget," said the counsel to a witness, who had been brought from the house of correction, "wasn't you brought here on a *habeas corpus*?" "No, indade," she indignantly replied, "I'd have you know I came here like a decent woman, on the cars."

—"My son," said the elder Spriggles to his junior, thinking to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the hen species, "do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they?" said Spriggles, jr., as he licked his plate, "I thought eggs came out of chickens."

—A little orphan boy, who was nearly starved by the stingy uncle (his guardian) with whom he lived, meeting a lank greyhound one day in the street, was asked by his guardian what made the dog so thin. After reflection, the little fellow replied, "I suppose he lives with his uncle."

—A little girl, the daughter of a coal merchant, after attentively listening to an account given her of hell by her father, who said it was a place where Satan continually roasted sinners, at an immense fire, exclaimed: "Oh, papa! can't you induce him to take coal of you?"

—A young lady advertised for a dressing-maid. One applied, and in response to the inquiry if she was quick, replied, "Oh, so quick that I will engage to dress you every day in half an hour." "In half an hour?" reiterated the young lady, "and what shall I do the rest of the day?"

—"Hiram, my boy," said a tender father to his son, "you must be more careful of yourself, you have not the constitution of some." "Don't you believe it! I've got the constitution of a horse. Dang it, if I don't believe I've got the constitution of the United States."

—"I was a stranger, and they took me in," said a man at one of the police stations. "How much did they take you in?" asked a bystander. "All the money in my pockets, and all my brains for about ten hours," was the reply.

—Some one was telling an Irishman that somebody had eaten ten saucers of ice-cream, whereupon Pat shook his head. "So you don't believe it?" With a shrewd nod, Pat answered,—"I believe in the crane, but not in the saucers!"

—"Guilty or not guilty?" sharply said a city judge the other day to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock. "Just as your honor pleases; it's not for the like o' me to dictate to your honor's worship," was the reply.

—Paddy's description of a fiddle is as follows: "It was the shape of a turkey, and the size of a goose; he turned it over on its back and rubbed its belly with a stick, and ooh! St. Patrick! how it did squeal!"

—An editor became martial and was created Captain. Instead of "two paces in front—advanced!" he unconsciously bawled out, "Cash—two dollars a year—advance!"

—A teacher was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word *cuticle*: "What is that all over my face and hands?" "It's freckles, sir," answered the little cherub.

—Why is the bridegroom worth more than the bride? Because she is given away, and he is sold. What a shocking bad conundrum that is.

—"What are you doing with my microscope, Fred?" "I've been shaving, father, and I want to see if there are any hairs in the lather."

—"Whoever saw the 'pale of society' running over with the 'milk of human kindness'?" "If so, where was the 'cream of the joke'?"

—A marrying man in Brooklyn has now his fifth wife and five mothers-in-law in his house. His motto is "Let us have peace."